

PONOKA HERALD.

EUGENE RHIAN, Editor and Proprietor.

—A PROGRESSIVE PAPER IN A PROGRESSIVE TOWN.—

Subscription \$1.00 per year

VOLUME III.

PONOKA, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5 1902

NUMBER 1.

J. D. Skinner

REAL ESTATE, LOANING, INSURANCE.

Farm and Town Property handled on Commission. Straight
loans on farm or town property at low rates of interest.

Fire and Life Insurance.

LACOMBE, Alta.

J. G. Armstrong & Co. BANKERS.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

PONOKA,

ALBERTA.

THE BIG STORE.

The Pioneer Merchants.

Our new building—the
largest store in Ponoka—
will soon be completed and
we will again be prepared
to serve the public with a
Complete Stock of

GENERAL
MERCHANDISE.

In the meantime we are
closing out our old stock of
Dry Good and Shoes at
Sacrifice Prices.

CALL AND SEE US

F. E. Algar & Co.

The Postoffice Store.

Keep Time..

You want Time Pieces
that Keep Time. — We
have them

Handsome 8-day Clocks hour and half hour strike \$5.00.
All kinds Alarm Clocks. Spagnum only \$2.25.

IN WATCHES.

Gent's 18-size Nickel case, open face, 7-jewel Elgin \$9
or Waltham works
Gold Filled Case \$20.00.
Ladies 14-karat solid gold 17 jewel Waltham \$35.00.

Agates Full Stock—They're dandies—Right Prices.

Silverware Fine line Silver Novelties.
Ladies Chains, Bracelets and Necklaces.

REPAIRING. H. McDERMOTT.

De LaVal Cream Separators!

They have no Superior.

EUGENE RHIAN, Agent.

PONOKA, ALTA.

VOLUME III, NUMBER 1.

With this issue the HERALD enters upon the third year of its existence. For two short years the HERALD has grown apace with the village in which we are proud our lot has been cast, till today we believe we can truthfully lay claim to the fact that Ponoka has as good a local paper as can be found in a village its size in the Northwest. Though small at first the paper has long since outgrown its swaddling clothes and now ranks in size ahead of many of its contemporaries. Our columns contain each week more local news matter than any other paper between Calgary and Edmonton, and we hope during the next few months to again enlarge our reading matter space. For the success attained we are indebted to the businessmen of Ponoka and the residents of the surrounding country. Our business men with few exceptions have been most liberal and appreciative in their attitude toward the paper. Only one business firm in the village has failed to contribute in some measure to the improvement of the paper and in this way to the upbuilding of Ponoka, for which the HERALD has been and will continue to be an ardent laborer. In our own way have we worked day in and day out for Ponoka—its prosperity and the growth and development of the district in which it is situated, and that both town and district are rapidly developing is a source of gratification to the HERALD.

We further solicit the liberal patronage and support accorded us in the past.

Our very worthy contemporary the Olds Oracle is doing us a marked copy this week stating that they "set more news type each week than any other paper on the C. & E. NOT EXCEPTING THE PONOKA HERALD. Now, friend Oracle, we have no desire to enter into a controversy over this matter but let us point out a difference of opinion upon this score. By "actual measurement" the HERALD contains more reading matter, for money, clink or marbles, than the Oracle or any other of our contemporaries on this line. The Oracle is a good paper, ably edited and a valued exchange, but Bro. Samis was slightly mistaken in his measurement.

Extensive damage was done to grain in the Stony Plain district north of Edmonton last week. Fortunately the country struck by the storm is one of the oldest settled portions of Alberta and the people there are more able to endure the loss than would be the new settlers.

Bank Now Open.

Mr. Armstrong of the firm of Bennett & Armstrong, arrived the first of the week with their car of bank fixtures. They were at once placed in position and the bank is now open for a general banking business. S. Barker, the cashier, has been operating a bank in western Nebraska and is a thoroughly capable business man, especially in this line. The fixtures including the magnificent 7300 pound safe were placed in position by Jones' dray line.

FRUIT! FRUIT!

..FRUIT..

To Arrive about 1st week in

Septemb'r.

A Car Load of

British Columbia

Plums, Pears,
Apples, Crabapples,

Prices will be Right.

It will pay you to Wait.

Fairley & Co.



To Strike Good Tinning...

It is not necessary to go far from home. This shop is well equipped and our workmen are competent.

Cornice, Skylights, Ventilators, Leaders, etc.
No one in the district is more able to do it. Satisfaction guaranteed

W. H. SPACKMAN. Ponoka.

CLINTON C. REED

NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER,
REAL ESTATE.

CONVEYANCING AND ALL FORMS OF LEGAL BLANKS DRAWN.

"The Real Estate Man." SUB-AGENT DOMINION LANDS.
AGENT BIRKBECK SAVINGS CO.

THE HERALD.

Published at Ponoka, Alberta, every Friday morning.

EUGENE RHIAN, Proprietor.

All bills rendered the 1st of the month.

Subscription \$1.00 in advance.

All communications intended for publication in the current issue should reach this office the preceding Tuesday. Correspondence from surrounding country earnestly solicited. Advertising rates on application.

DIRECTORY.

D. C. Postoffice of Ponoka.

MAILS GOING NORTH CLOSE AT THIS OFFICE AS FOLLOWS:

Monday and Friday 1:45 p. m.
Thursday 3:00 p. m.

MAILS GOING SOUTH CLOSE
Tuesday, Thurs., Sat. 10:45 a. m.
Wednesday and Friday 10:20 a. m.
Office hours from 8 a. m. to 7 p. m.
F. E. ALGAR, P. M.

C. & E. Time Table.

GOING NORTH
Monday, Wed. & Friday 14:50 p. m.
Tues., Thurs. & Sat. 16:25 p. m.

GOING SOUTH
Monday, Wed. Friday 10:20 a. m.
Tuesday, Thurs. & Sat. 11:10 a. m.

Ponoka Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. alternating every Sunday. Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 8:00 p. m. Wednesday evenings. All cordially invited. J. A. MAIR, Pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH OF Canada. Services every Sunday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10:00 a. m. Prayer meeting 8:00 p. m. on Friday evenings. The public cordially invited. THOS. T. PERRY, Pastor.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Services held first and third Sunday in each month at 3:00 p. m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC. Services in the school house at 10:30 on the first Sunday in each month.

PROFESSIONAL.

CHAS. PATCHETT.

UNDERTAKER.

Full stock of Funeral Goods.
Prices Moderate.
PONOKA ALBERTA.

ALBERT E. SAGE

UNDERTAKER.

Full stock of Coffins and Caskets.
PONOKA ALBERTA

ANGUS A. DRINNAN.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office over McKinnell's Drug Store.
PONOKA ALBERTA.

FRATERNAL.

CANADIAN ORDER OF FORESTERS. Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month at 8:00 p. m. A cordial invitation to all visiting members.

WILLIAM M. JONES,
EUGENE RHIAN, Chief Ranger,
R. S. & F. S.

JOHN C. RATHBUN...

Carpenter..

AND
..Builder.

Will contract for Complete Building or work by day.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED. PRICES RIGHT.
WORK GUARANTEED.

Enquire of A. REID or address me at Ponoka, Alberta

Dentistry

DR. J. CHRISTIE,

Licentiate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.

Will visit Ponoka every....

Friday and Saturday

with a view to locating permanently.

When desired

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

News and Comment.

The Weekly Round-Up of Items of Local and General Interest to Our Readers.

Harvesting is the order of the day this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dick and children were in patronizing Photographer Milne last week.

Cole & Linton now have a new swinging scaffold, with which they are prepared to paint the highest building with little difficulty.

Robt. Hockley, the popular Crown Tailoring man, was down from Edmonton taking orders and assisted the band boys Tuesday night.

Griffith P. Jones and Miss Hamilton were united in marriage by Rev. D. L. Hughes last week. In the absence of more complete details we can only add our good wishes to those of the many friends.

E. H. Matthias, the Morningside lumber dealer, is enjoying a good trade. His prices are such as to command the patronage of all prospective builders in his section.

Chas. Patchett has purchased a building site on W. S. Fisher's addition and has erected a building 16x20 which in time will be built onto. They moved there Wednesday.

The fine residence of R. J. McCue on Landsdowne avenue is being treated to an attractive coat of paint at the hands of J. F. Sullivan. The colors are two shades of green and very becoming.

Hugh McMullen an old school mate of John McGillivray stopped off for a few days' visit with the latter the first of the week. He has made some real estate investments in the Edmonton district. His home is now in Battle City, Mont.

J. R. Iddings, of Mapleton; L. M. Iddings, T. A. Iddings, W. Sackett, M. E. Gray, George Lee and E. A. Frintress, of Danberry, Iowa were among the landseekers here the past ten days. They are all good citizens and we hope to see them locate in this section.

Mr. and Mrs. Cook Myer left Monday morning on a well-earned vacation to the old home in Nebraska and other places of their younger days. Seven years of pioneer life here have made them deserving of this visit and their numerous friends trust it will be a pleasant one.

Smith avenue is being much improved by property owners there this week. The bush has been cut out and grading done. The spirit shown by citizens here in improving the streets at their own expense is a most commendable one and augurs well for the future success in the village.

The Red Deer ball team passed down the line in high spirits on Tuesday, having defeated both Fort Saskatchewan and Edmonton Monday, and thus coming into possession of the handsome silver cup presented by E. Raymer, Butterfield, of the Echo, as pitcher is too much for the most of the amateur teams.

A good potato hill was dug by our friend J. S. Owens east of town a few days ago. The hill contained 51 potatoes, 41 of which were of good eating size. From the fact that new potatoes were still settling on the vine it is not known how many more would have been borne before the close of the season. Mr. Owens wants to hear of any that can surpass this record.

Another light rain in this section yesterday.

Twenty head of well broken horses for sale.—W. N. TRIMBLE.

R. K. Allan last week purchased lot 3 block 3 adjacent to his store from Cook Myer.

The new hotel building of Mrs. A. Shary, under the able workmanship of J. Simington is rapidly nearing completion. She expects to occupy it by Oct. 1st.

A new school district is being organized eight miles southeast. It is hoped to have school started there the coming winter. The organization meeting is to be held next Monday.

Cole & Linton are applying the paint to the photograph gallery, making it one of the most attractive in outward appearance in the village. The inside woodwork also has been neatly stained and varnished.

We have received from the Weekly Free Press a picture in colors of King Edward VII, this being the supplement which they are issuing in connection with their plan of monthly distribution of pictures. The picture which is 10x10 1/2 inches, is printed in four colors, and shows His Majesty in the striking uniform of a Field Marshal.

No doubt more of the farmers will avail themselves of the Government hail insurance next season. While it is not the intent of the government to reimburse the loser for the full value of his crop the \$4.00 per acre would at least pay the expenses of seeding and cultivating the crop which in case of damage by hail is much better than a total loss. The cost is only 10 cents per acre.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Robertson and the writer and wife journeyed to Edmonton Friday remaining until Monday. Edmonton, in the expectation of the building of the C. N. R. therein in the near future, is now experiencing a building boom and a very rapid advancement in the price of real estate. Some of the prices realized seem almost beyond the reasonable value of lots but because of the steadily rising price are even now proving good investments for their purchasers. One 50 foot lot purchased last week for use by the Canadian Bank of Commerce was sold for \$9000 while two on which is now being erected a hotel brought the magnificent sum of \$10,600. New dwellings are being built in all parts of town and in these lots the prices on the outside limits range from \$300 to \$500. Among the improvements now in progress are the mammoth water works plant, with a capacity of 100 horse power, which will supply the city with water from the Saskatchewan, and the fine 3-story brick school costing upwards of \$40,000. Add. Dalton, formerly of Ponoka, is engaged in contracting and seems to be getting the larger share of the building. He works a crew of six men and has completed some of the finest residences in the town. T. A. Lavoie, ex-manager of the Royal here, is tending bar at the Alberta. Harvesting is being just begun in that section with a promise of an average yield although considerable damage has been done by hail.

Meat to Eat...

We respect the chewing ability of the teeth of our Customers. That's why our meats are so tender and juicy. Try a choice steak or roast.

One : trial : will : bring : you : back : again.

L. B. MATUSCH.

...HENRY HERTZ...

—DEALER IN—

Wholesale :- Liquors.

A Fine Line of Liquors at wholesale. Cigars, Tobacco, Cigarettes, etc. at Retail.

PONOKA, - - ALTA.

New House and Newly Furnished.

Rates: \$1 and \$2 per day.

Hotel Leland

SELLARS & McCUE, Props.

Special Attention to Commercial Trade.

Ponoka, Alta.

The Bar is stocked with a Fine Stock of Liquors and Cigars.

LAND! LAND!

Thousands of Acres of Choice

C. P. R. LAND

For Sale on Easy Terms of Payment.

PURCHASERS DRIVEN FREE.

W. M. JONES, Galde.

T. J. WEST, Local Agent.
PONOKA, ALBERTA.

DODD BROS...

Harness Saddlery.

We are Up-to-Date in Harness, Whips, Brushes, Saddles, Currycombs, Fly Sheets, Telescopes and Traveling Bags.

OUR REPAIRING IS FIRST-CLASS AND GUARANTEED.

THE FAIRYBANK STORE

A FULL STOCK OF

General :- Merchandise.

AT PONOKA PRICES.

At the Fairybank Postoffice.

W. J. EARL.

John Simington CARPENTER

—AND—

CONTRACTOR

...Fine Inside Work a Specialty...

Estimates Cheerfully Given,
SIMINGTON & DALTON.

...All Work Guaranteed,
CHIPMAN AVENUE, PONOKA.

News and Comment.

The Weekly Round-Up of Items of Local and General Interest to Our Readers.

J. H. Trimble is in Red Deer on a few day's business trip.

J. D. Skinner and Capt. Inskip of Lacombe attended the political meeting Tuesday night.

Bessie Weitzel of Blackfalds, is the guest of her former school mate, Mabel Matusch.

F. E. Robertson sold his farm yesterday to Eloy Lingren who also owns the Randolph place.

Several parties from Ponoka are representing our village at the exhibition at Calgary this week.

A construction train has been repairing the track in several places near the village this week.

The advent of a bright little girl at the home of Mr. and Mrs. McCue some ten days ago escaped the HERALD'S notice last week.

J. A. Fairley, secretary of the Liberal Association was in attendance at the convention of Alberta Liberals at Calgary this week.

Monday morning's train was well laden with Presbyterian ministers who are in attendance at the presbytery meeting at Olds this week.

J. D. McGillivray this week purchased Wm. Laun's farm, three miles southeast of the village. Mr. Laun will return to South Dakota.

The bank building of Fairley & Walker is being completed in the interior and they expect to have their fixtures in position in a very short time.

A unique advertising scheme was inaugurated by E. R. Sage this week in the way of a neatly printed ad on paper napkins which were distributed among the crowd at the Nebraska picnic. The job was turned out by the HERALD job plant.

It is understood that the railway companies have decided not to sell any more large tracts of land to syndicates. Their intention is to handle their land by an extended system of agencies and thus reap the benefit of increasing values.

Gilbert McCreath, of Oacoma, and Henry Raish and D. W. Spalda of Elk Point, S. D., were here the past week and invested in land in section 21-44-26. The first two named gentlemen will become residents here, but Mr. Spalda being in business where he is will send his son to take possession of his land here.

The school house hall was filled with an appreciative audience at the political meeting Tuesday evening. R. W. McKinnell, president of the Ponoka Liberal Association, presided in a pleasing and dignified manner. The first speaker of the evening was C. C. Reed, who spoke upon the topic, "The American Canadian". His remarks were well chosen and expressed very fully and logically the sentiments of the numerous citizens of the United States who are now seeking citizenship in the Great West.

Following him came Mr. Peter Talbot, M. L. A., who entered into an interesting historical narrative of Canada both from the point of settlement and politically. In summing up his remarks Mr. Talbot cited some of the instances in which the people had been represented by the Liberal government now in power, particularly of the able service rendered by the

present postmaster-general, minister of public works and others. Mr. Talbot has many friends in this part of his constituency and he is always welcome at a political gathering at this place.

Mr. Frank Oliver M. P., the principal speaker of the evening was greeted with hearty applause. His speech consisted of a general discussion of political matters in the Territories. He dwelt especially upon the tariff question, which is evidently to be the leading issue in the next campaign. Mr. Oliver showed plainly in what respects the policy of tariff for revenue only was of benefit to the agricultural class of the country. This was the first occasion of a public speech by Mr. Oliver to a Ponoka audience and to many their first opportunity of his acquaintance other than by the high reputation: he has been known by. The people of this district will be pleased to have occasions to hear from our popular representative in parliament more frequently in the future. While here he was escorted on a drive through a portion of the country by C. D. Algar and expressed himself as deeply impressed with the rapid advancement made by this district.

After Mr. Oliver had concluded a few appropriate remarks were made by Rev. Perry and the meeting closed by singing the National Anthem. After the close of the meeting a banquet was had at the Royal Hotel, to which about twenty persons sat down.

The band was in attendance and made a most pleasing appearance and added largely to the interest of the meeting.

SETTLERS' RE-UNION.

First Annual Re-Union a Success. Permanent Organization of an Association Is Perfected.

The first annual re-union of the settlers of this district occurred last Wednesday in what is termed the Nebraska settlement fourteen miles southeast of Ponoka. The day was extremely Nebraska-like, a stiff wind blowing from the south west all day and only about 300 people turned out. Despite the inclemency of the weather the day was pleasantly spent in the beautiful grove and the new school house in course of erection. A magnificent picnic dinner was had and all kinds of good things to eat spoke in praising terms for the culinary ability of the ladies of the neighborhood.

The program, as far as orations were concerned was seriously handicapped by the failure of several of the speakers who were expected to put in an appearance. It was a particular disappointment to the people that W. V. Bennett, immigration agent at Omaha, Neb., was detained by illness. He, however sent his regrets and expressed himself as hoping to meet the people on a similar occasion next year. In the absence of Mr. Bennett and others who were expected to add their presence, it devolved upon Clinton C. Reed to deliver the address of the day. This he did in an able manner. Upon the subject of "The Settlement of the Northwest" the speaker held the careful attention of the audience in a lengthy and interesting address. This was followed by fitting remarks by Rev. Wallace Johnston, A. C. Hare, president of the day, and C. D. Algar. The following

literary program was then rendered:

Instrumental Music—Mrs. J. Hober.
Music—Ponoka Band.
Vocal Music—Choir.
Recitation—Mrs. Morrill.
" —Miss Gardner.
" —Miss Gardner.
Duet—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clough.
Recitation—Three Little Girls.
" —B. M. Millac.
" —W. Millac.
Music—Ponoka Band.

A tug-of-war between Ponoka and Nebraska proved that the husky Nebraskans by only a few degrees surpassed the villagers in muscular strength. In the ball game also of Nebraska versus a few Ponoka boys and the balance of the club picked up the former won by a score of 11 to 6.

The Ponoka Band added largely to the entertainment of the day dispersing music at frequent intervals. Photographer Milne was on hand with his camera and obtained an excellent view of the gathering which are now for sale at his gallery.

A permanent organization of an Old Settler's Association was perfected with C. D. Algar as president and Eugene Rhian secretary treasurer. Vice-presidents will be selected in each township and it is hoped to have the next assembly (which will be held at Ponoka) one of general interest to the people of this part of Alberta.

MARRIED.

At high noon last Wednesday was the occasion of the marriage of Mr. Ed Martin and Miss Ella Posey at the residence of the bride's parents east of Ponoka, Rev. T. E. Perry officiating.

Both the contracting parties are well and favorably known in this district. The groom is the son of W. A. Martin, a steady industrious young man and has a large circle of friends. They at once began housekeeping on his farm three miles east of the village under most auspicious circumstances and amid the best wishes of their numerous friends.

Notice.

As I intend leaving for Manitoba the 10th of this month and will be gone for some time, people desiring any pictures of views which I have taken in or around Ponoka would do well to place their orders at once.

I also wish to state that I have secured a splendid picture of the crowd at the Nebraska Picnic. Call and see it and leave your order for one.

I will give notice through the columns of this paper when I will again be in a position to do work in the gallery. Any desiring pictures now will need to call and have them taken this week so that I may have them finished before leaving.

Thanking you all for your very liberal patronage and trusting that I may on my return from the east secure even a greater amount of patronage, I remain

Yours sincerely
W. J. MILNE
Photographer.

A GOOD

Fountain Pen

—IS A—

Genuine Convenience

We have them from

...\$1.50 up.

R. W. McKinnell,
Druggist Ponoka.

SCHOOL DISTRICTS.

Wishing to sell Debentures can place them on very best terms and with least delay by seeing or writing me.

EVERY : ASSISTANCE : GIVEN : IN : PREPARING : FOR : ISSUE.

JOHN McKENTY, REAL ESTATE

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER.

...LACOMBE, Alta.

Follow the Crowd

—TO—

B. C. GROAT'S CONFECTIONERY STORE.

...FOR YOUR...

PRESERVING FRUITS.

A nice lot of peaches, pears, plums, crab apples, etc. from British Columbia and California. Get our prices before going elsewhere. I kindly solicit a share of your trade

Next Door to HERALD OFFICE.

B. C. GROAT.

W. E. TURNER & CO.

Dealers in

Native and Coast Lumber.

SASH, DOORS, MOULDINGS, SHINGLES AND LATH.

PRICES AS LOW AS GOOD GOODS WILL ALLOW.

Ponoka, Alta.

...Brick House...

...Newly Furnished.

...Everything strictly First-Class...

ROYAL HOTEL.

ANDERSON & DEA,

Proprietors.

The bar is stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars. The cuisine is equal to the leading hotels in Alberta. Special attention to commercial trade. Rates \$1 to \$2 per day.

Pioneer Barn.



DRAVING Promptly DONE.

W. M. JONES, Prop.

C. P. R. LAND GUIDE.

Special attention to care of FARMERS' TEAMS.

Promptness - always - our - Specialty.

W. R. Courtright & Son, THE LEADING Lumber Dealers.

MOLINE FARM IMPLEMENTS DEERING HARVESTING MACHINERY

Also represent the WAWANESA MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

REAL ESTATE

Having opened an office on Railway street, Ponoka, we are prepared to serve the public with Choice from one of the largest lists of improved and unimproved lands in the country.

PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

We came here to stay and hope by fair dealings to secure your business, which will be attended to promptly.

25,000 Acres of Choice Assiniboia Land for Sale. Per acre..... \$6.50

We buy and sell land. List your land with us, for we have the buyers. All correspondence promptly answered. Financial agents for Eastern Capitalists.

We respectfully refer you to Imperial Bank, Strathcona.

Arnold & Christie.

BOWSER'S OFF WEEK

MRS. BOWSER KEEPS A DIARY OF HIS UNUSUALLY STRANGE DEMEANOR.

His Remarkably Good Disposition Astonishes Her, Causing Her to Seek Advice—It Was All For Naught, as He Is Himself Again.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.]

SUNDAY.—When Mr. Bowser got up this morning, he was unusually silent, and, though his socks, collar, tie and collar button were scattered about the room, as usual, he recovered them all without once declaring that this was the worst run house in America. He usually growls about his Sunday breakfast, but on this occasion he hadn't a word of fault to find. I made no suggestion about his accompanying me to church and was utterly amazed when he announced his intention. I looked for a row when he came to dress, but there was none. He seldom or never puts on a fresh collar without blasting the laundryman's eyes, but on this occasion he even spoke of the work being nicely done. He didn't find the church too cold or too hot, the singing too loud or too low, the sermon too short or too long. He seemed well pleased, and he



His collar button had rolled under the bureau.

did not make one single kick over the Sunday dinner. He read aloud to me in the evening, and, though I corrected his pronunciation a few times, he did not lose his temper. I am somewhat worried over the change in him.

Monday.—No kick as Mr. Bowser got up this morning. His collar button had rolled under the bureau, but he got down on his hands and knees and hunted it up without a swear word; found no fault with breakfast, although I thought the oatmeal was overdone; left the house in what seemed a happy frame of mind, and when he returned to dinner he brought no new fad with him; sat and read a book nearly all the evening, and when I showed him the gas bill that had been handed in during the day he remarked that it was very moderate for the time of year. I looked at him in amazement, but he smiled in return. Two politicians called to ask him to run for mayor, but he quietly refused and would not even go to the nearest saloon to talk matters over; complimented me on the way I manage the house and inquired if my pin money was sufficient to carry me along. I wonder if anything is going to happen.

Tuesday.—No kicks in the morning, no kicks at breakfast. The coffee was surely a little off, but Mr. Bowser said nothing about firing the cook through the window. He wore his old hat away by mistake, but he did not come home and blow me up about it. I was rather expecting to see him bring home a fire escape, a burglar alarm or a new idea in medicine chests, but he brought me a box of candy instead. The cook has observed his singular change and is getting nervous over it. She says she had an uncle who made just such a sudden change and died within the week. No kicks during the evening. We played euchre, and I beat him eight games out of ten, but he did not call me a scoundrel and cheat. Indeed he frankly acknowledged that I was too much for him. A fakir called at a late hour to try to sell Mr. Bowser a snake watch, but he wasn't even threatened. I have almost a mind to consult the family doctor about the case.

Wednesday.—Still no kicks as he got out of bed. As he came down to breakfast I saw the cat look at him in a strange way, and the cook was really frustrated. No kicks over breakfast. As he went away he said he would bring home tickets for the theater, and he left me dumb with astonishment. I felt a premonition of coming disaster all day, and when a street boy threw a stone and broke a window I got ready to face the inevitable. There was no inevitable, however. When Mr. Bowser came home, he said that such accidents were liable to happen at any time and that I mustn't worry over it. In going to the theater we had to stand up in the car and were elbowed and jostled, and the conductor beat us out of 15 cents in making change, but Mr. Bowser made no kick. He was much interested in the play, and when we returned home he said he didn't know when he had spent such a pleasant evening. I was delighted, of course, but yet I felt a chill at my heart. Something awful is surely going to happen.

Thursday Morning.—I got up before Mr. Bowser was awake and deliberately hid his socks in order to learn that old familiar kick from him, but it didn't come. He kept looking until he found them and then laughingly remarked that the rats must have been frisking with them. I charged the cook to overdo his breakfast egg, but he did not seem to notice it. I scattered five or six clothespins in the front hall, expecting him to break out about reckless extravagance and the poorhouse, but he smiled blandly as he walked over them. I called to see the family doctor during the forenoon, but he could not clear up the mystery. He had known such sudden changes to mean death within a few days, and he advised me to be watchful. When Mr. Bowser came home from the office, I had a poor dinner for him, and I also informed him that the coal was out and a water pipe leaking, but that soft, sweet smile never left his face. During the evening he said that he had made a fool of himself a hundred times over since our marriage, but that he had solemnly determined to keep clear of all fads in the future. The cook called me down stairs and wanted to know if Mr. Bowser wasn't going to carry on any more, and when I said it was doubtful she gave me a week's notice. Things had become too lonesome for her.

Friday.—Same peaceful getting out of bed and eating breakfast. I insisted that he couldn't be well, but he replied that his health was never better. He had hardly left the house before I telegraphed his symptoms to mother and asked her opinion. She replied that he would probably try suicide within a week and that I had better lock up all the poisons in the house. When he came home at night, I was lying on the lounge and pretending to have a terrible headache. Instead of saying that it served me right for overeating or going around barefoot and then whistling and stamping around to add to my suffering, he sat down and told me how sorry he was and did all he could to alleviate the pain. I had to get up and eat dinner with him and pretend to be cured. We had a little spelling school during the evening, and, though I spelled him down a dozen times, he only smiled over it. I told him the cook had broken two plates that day, but he replied that all crockery was made to be broken. I asked for a new hat, and he gave me the money without a word about the poorhouse. I tried to get him to go to the club, but he said he preferred his own home. The cook went up stairs very much afraid, and I went to bed to dream of tragedies.

Saturday.—Still no more morning kicks, no breakfast kicks. Mr. Bowser had only left the house when the cook packed up and followed. She said there were ghosts about. I telegraphed for mother to come, but she answered that it was impossible. I called on the doctor again, but he said we could do nothing. I never put in a worse day in my life, and I was really ill when Mr. Bowser's step was heard at last. My heart bounded as I heard him dragging his feet. I thrilled as he banged the door open. I jumped up with a laugh as he flung down his hat in the hall. I realized that he was Mr. Bowser again. He stood there in the hall glaring around, and as I stepped into view he began:

"Woman, by the horn spoon, I want to know whether this is a house or a cooper shop?"

Then I fell upon his shoulder and wept. He had returned to himself. He was no longer some one else, but the real, genuine Bowser, and I sang a song of glad thanksgiving as he continued:

"You have driven me to the dead line, Mrs. Bowser, and I suggest that my lawyer see your lawyer and have a divorce arranged for us as quietly as possible."

M. QUAD.

Compensation.

Highblower—My first daughter married a poet, my second an artist and my third a railroad magnate.

Dimpleton—And which couple is the most fortunate?

"Oh, the first two of them. They are supported by the husband of the third."—Life.

In Pursuit of It.

Smith—Hello! Fine day. Are you out walking for your health?

Smythe—Yes; I am going to the doctor's.—Indianapolis News.

The Size of Great Britain.

Great Britain is only half as big as Sumatra and double the size of Newfoundland. It stands fifth in point of size in the list of the world's islands. England without Wales is almost identical in point of size with Roumania. It is less than one-quarter as big as France or Germany. The whole British Isles only occupy the one sixteen hundredth part of the surface of this globe. Great Britain is widest between Land's End and Kent. The utmost width is 325 miles. It is narrowest between Lock Broom, on the west coast of Scotland, and Borneo firth, on the east coast. The distance between the heads of these two inlets is but twenty-four miles.

Light mortals, how ye walk your life minuet over bottomless abysses, divided from you by a dim-

THE FLY FAMILY.

A Good Thing Papa and Mamma Only Live Two Weeks.

"Owing to the natural diffidence of flies not much is known of their family arrangements or how long they live after they get to be old enough to vote," says Harvey Sutherland in *Ainslee's*. "It is estimated, though, that if papa and mamma of the early spring could hold out to attend a family reunion of their offspring held in the latter part of August upward of 2,000,000 of their own blood and kin would come to the picnic, not counting maggots in arms. Fortunately for them, papa and mamma do not live more than a fortnight. Even a fly's perseverance would be unequal to the task of keeping track of 2,000,000 descendants. As Artemus Ward says, 'This is 2 match.'

"Fortunately for us, flies do not live much longer than a fortnight, for if they were long lived and persevered in their fecundity, man would soon be forced to look for some place where things were not quite so crowded, and the real estate advertising columns would be full of 'Why Fight Flies? Secure a Planet of Your Own on Easy Monthly Payments.'

"However, it is well to point out that the saying clause, 'It is estimated,' corrects the 2,000,000. Scientific men are just like other people and hate just as much to have to say 'I don't know' to a plain question. They have learned that 'It is estimated' acts on the same principle as a boy's 'over the left' and authorizes them to tell with impunity the most jay dropping, eye bulging whoppers, causing the public to wag heads and chuck: 'Tehk! Look at that wow! There's learning for you!'

"There is a good deal of the 'It is estimated' about the life history of the fly for the reason that the beast is hard to rear. Other insects will live, move and have their being in a box with a gauze over it to let in the air and light. All they ask is board and lodging, and, like the curios in a dime museum, they will answer any and all proper questions, photographs for sale for their own benefit. But it up the most luxurious quarters for flies, well aired and lighted, stocked with all the delicacies of the stable and the garbage box, and the inmates ineffectually turn up their toes and die. While the entomologist wonders what for a fly buzzes past his ear. He chases it away. It comes back. He slaps it. It dodges, buzzing gleefully, and alights again. He flutters his hand and shows it from him! He thinks it is simply another case of a fly's perseverance. He does not know, he cannot understand, that it is mocking his failure with the cry of: 'A-a-a-a-a! Did you ever get left?'

RUINS OF UXMAL, YUCATAN.

The Old Aztec Priests Were Skilled in Mechanical Tricks.

"In the fall of 1897 I spent several days examining the ancient ruins of Uxmal, in Yucatan," said a gentleman who was formerly in the consular service, "and during the visit I made a curious little discovery which convinced me that the old Aztec priests were adepts at mechanical trickery. The woods around the main buildings at Uxmal are full of scattered ruins of every description, and at one point I found a singularly perfect column lying in the midst of what appeared to be the debris of a small house or temple.

"I conjectured that the column had probably been the pedestal of some statue or idol, which had stood in the center of the edifice, and cleared away the underbrush to get a better look at it. It was about 5 feet long by 1½ feet in diameter and was covered with characteristic carving. When I scraped the top clean of caked dirt, I was surprised to find a hole leading into the interior and large enough for me to thrust in my thumb. I cut a stick, sounded it and found that the hole reached to a point about a foot from the base. There it connected with another channel running off at an angle and leading to a small opening hidden in the carving of the base.

"While I was probing the interior a beautifully polished circular stone plug, shaped almost exactly like a jug, minus the handle, slid out of the lower hole. It was made of flint and remarkably heavy for its size. What could have been its purpose is all guesswork, but the theory that seems to me most plausible is that it was a weight and had once been attached to a cord or thong leading up through the main boring. If there was a figure of some kind on the column, all that smacks pretty strongly of some secret mechanical device, and such is the opinion of several well posted archaeologists to whom I have described the arrangement.

"The old Egyptian priests had idols that shed tears, rolled their eyes and groaned, and no doubt the Aztecs were up to the same dodge. As far as I know, this perforated pillar was the only one of the kind ever found at Uxmal."

A Triumph of Science.

"Eminent foreign scientists have found out that a grasshopper's ears are in its legs."

"How did they ascertain that?"

"They put a 'hopper' on a board and tapped the board gently."

"Well?"

"The creature hopped away. Then they cut off its legs, put it on the board again and tapped the board as before, and it didn't hop away. It couldn't hear the tap, you see."

"Gosh, what a wonderful thing science is!"

A Good Reason.

Mother (at a reception)—Why didn't you accompany Mr. Nicofello out to supper?

Sweet Girl—I prefer to go with papa.

Mother—Mr. Nicofello is devoted to you and seemed much dejected by your refusal. I thought you—er—rather liked him.

Sweet Girl (blushing)—I do.

Mother—Then why didn't you go out to supper with him?

Sweet Girl—Well, if you must know, it's because I was ravenously hungry.—"Garrison's."

The Escorial.

The magnitude of the Escorial, the great Spanish palace, may be inferred from the fact that it would take four days to go through all the rooms and apartments, the length of the way being reckoned at 23 Spanish leagues, which is about 120 English miles.

Built That Way.

"The mean thing! I don't believe it is possible for the truth to come out of her mouth!"

"Well, you know she has false teeth."

—Chicago Times-Herald.

Obliging.



Tourist—Youngman, can you tell me the quickest way to yonder village?

Willie, the Wag—Why, yes, sir; just step off—

—Scribner's.

Billings Was the One at Fault.

"Your honor," said the attorney for the defence, "I wish to prove by this question that the witness is a man of quarrelsome disposition, hard to get along with, and on bad terms with his neighbors. Now, sir," he continued, whose farm is next of yours?"

"Well," answered the witness, "here's the Billings farm, and the—"

"Stop right there. One at a time. Are you on friendly terms with Mr. Billings?"

"I can't say that I am."

"Are you even on speaking terms with him?"

"No, sir."

"Whose fault is it?"

"It's his fault, I reckon."

"Oh, yes; it's his fault, you reckon? How long has it been since you have spoken to him?"

"About 14 years as near as I can remember."

"Now, sir, I want you to tell this jury why you have not spoken to Mr. Billings for 14 years."

"Gentlemen," said the witness, turning to the jury, "the reason why I haven't spoken to Mr. Billings for fourteen years is because that's the length of time he's been dead."

Pure Coconut Candy for Children.

Take one pint of sugar, a quarter of a pint of desiccated coconut and a quarter of a pint of milk. Boil these ingredients in a granite-ware or porcelain-lined saucepan for five minutes. Remove from the fire, set the saucepan in a dish of cold water and stir briskly until the mixture is creamy. Pour on a lightly buttered dish and mark in squares while warm so that it may be easily broken when cold. Coconut cakes are very easily made, and would be a variety. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth; add gradually a small cupful of sugar, the same quantity of coconut, either desiccated or freshly grated, and one tablespoonful of flour. Drop on a buttered tin in small round cakes and bake for five minutes in a quick oven.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Afforestation in South Africa.

The British Government has lost no time in grappling with the afforestation problem in South Africa. Recent reports from the Government forest nursery, which has been laid out near Thaba Nchu, show that great progress has been made. More than 100,000 seedling trees, mainly eucalyptus and pine, are now ready for transplantation. Experiments have also been made in the cultivation of oak trees, of which eight acres have been planted, and the wattle area under cultivation is being continually extended. The construction of dams and water furrows is proceeding. It is intended to establish plantations generally, and wherever the Government acquires land part of it will be preserved for forestry. Nearly every civilized country in the world realizes the great importance of forest preservation.

Removing Ink Stains from Cloth.

The removal of ink stains is always a problem, because inks are made by so many processes. Soap and water will remove some inks, while strong chemicals make little impression on others. The sooner the stain is treated the more easily it is removed. Washing and soaking in cold water, or in sweet or sour milk, will remove the greater part of the ink, and frequently the stain. Spots on washable articles should be soaked in milk or water. Rub the spot and change the liquid frequently. After two or three days if a stain remains, wet it with a strong solution of oxalic acid and place it in the sun. After this rinse very

thoroughly.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Missing Adjective.

What Artemus Ward would have described as a high-handed outrage in Utica was perpetrated recently, the victim being a gentleman who prided himself on his grip of the English language. A treacherous friend induced him to undertake to name four adjectives ending in "dious."

"Why," began the expert, cheerful-hazardous, stupendous, tremendous. At this point he stopped to think. He is still thinking. To the three certainly more may be added—jeopardious, pteropodous, and nefandous—though the third is obsolete, as well as ugly and unnecessary. Some six more have been suggested, but they find inadequate support in the latest dictionaries.

A Japanese Hero.

I recall to mind a story of an officer in the Japanese emperor's army which was besieging a fortress. Its number was small and a relieving army was coming up. It was of immense moment that they should know how long the fortress could hold out. If it must capitulate for want of supplies within a week they could stay and win the campaign for the emperor. A young Japanese nobleman volunteered to go into the fortress and ascertain how long it could hold out. He disguised himself, and in passing learned that it had food and water for only two days more.

As he was going out with this precious information he was detected, and the enemy said to him, "We are going to cruelty on you, but we will let you off on one condition—that you go to the wall and tell your people that we have supplies for a week."

He said, "Very well," and went to the wall. His wife and children in the besiegers' camp saw him, his friends were there also, and he held up both his hands and said to them: "There are supplies for but two days. Continue the siege and you will take the place."

He died by a hundred spear points, but he had done his duty to his general.

Out of One Clay.

Many years ago before the days of railroads a nobleman and his wife, with their infant, were traveling across Salisbury plain. As the story is told in Mr. A. P. Russell's "Characteristics," they were overtaken by a severe storm and took refuge in a lone shepherd's hut.

The child had taken cold before they could find shelter and the nurse began at once to undress it by the warm cottage fire. As she pulled off one rich silken garment after another the shepherd and his wife looked on in awed silence.

At last the process of undressing was completed and the little naked baby was being warmed by the fire. There it sat, with all its splendid outer husks peeled off, its little body beginning to glow in the hut by the fire. The shepherd drew a long breath and exclaimed, "Why, it's just like one of ours!"

Why We Shake Hands.

To shake hands with a person is rightly regarded as a token of amity, but very few know how this custom arose.

According to a French ethnologist, whenever two men met in former times they were accustomed to hold up their right hands in front of them as a sign that they had no intention of attacking each other. This mark of confidence, however, did not prove sufficient in all cases, for a man may hold up his right hand and yet, if he keeps it closed, may have a weapon concealed in it, and therefore it became the custom for the two right hands to grasp each other, as only thus could full assurance be given that no weapon was concealed in either of them. Formerly, therefore, this gesture, now the token of loyalty and friendship, was one of reciprocal distrust.

A Story of Mark Twain.

When Mark Twain was beginning his career as a humorous lecturer, he one day arranged with a woman acquaintance that she should sit in a box and start the applause when he should stroke his mustache. The lecturer started off so well that he did not need any such help, however, for he caught the audience from the first. By and by, when not saying anything worthy of particular notice, he happened to pull his mustache, and his anxious ally in the box at once broke into furious applause. Mark was all but broken up by the misadventure, and ever afterward carefully avoided employing such help to success.

Airy Periffage at Sea.

The ship groaned. But the giddy young thing who was talking to the captain was a good sailor and didn't mind a bit of rough weather.

"Doesn't it seem unnecessarily cruel, captain," she said, "to box a compass?"

"Not any more so, miss," he replied grimly, "than to paddle a canoe."

And the ship groaned some more.

At His Feet.

All day he scans the far horizon's blue And asks, Will earth and heaven ever meet? While all around, deep dyed with heaven's hue, The violets are blooming at his feet.

THE C. O. D. MAN'S WOES

MONEY HE EARNS GETS HIM INTO A HEAP OF TROUBLE.

He Is Taken For a Millionaire, Escapes Too Much Attention and Subscribes to Improve a Village. He Suffers For It.

[Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.]
"I AM no kicker," said the C. O. D. man as he pocketed the quarter extended to him and hitched along to make room on the park bench, "but when a dilapidated gentleman is driven too far he must turn and maintain his dignity. I was making a highway map of Wisconsin one summer when I ran across a village with a new town hall.
 "There was some trouble with the painters, and I stepped in and handled



"A WIDOW RECOGNIZED ME."

a brush for fifteen days at \$2 a day. I had tramped on for about thirty miles when a farmer who had had an old watch stolen from his vest hanging on a tree in a field had me arrested as the thief. I was rushed to the nearest village, asked a few questions by a justice of the peace and sent to the county jail for ninety days. In jail I was searched and the \$30 found on me. This was grounds for 'suspicion,' and I was immediately haled before another justice, who tacked sixty days on to the original sentence and held my cash to await a claimant. I took a week to think things over and then got word to a village lawyer, and when we had consulted together the fun began.

"Our first move was to begin a suit for damages against the farmer who had charged me with theft, and we had him badly scared within twenty-four hours. Then we went for the constable for arresting me without a warrant. We followed this with charges against the justice, who had refused me counsel, and move No. 4 was against the sheriff for not supplying his prisoners with provisions demanded by law. One of the turnkeys of the jail had slammed me around because I had refused to saw wood, and we gave him a suit for assault and battery. A writ of habeas corpus took me out of jail, and the excitement in that county beat all the circuses for twenty years. If the lawyer hadn't been taken with typhoid fever and died, we might have eventually upset the whole state government, and I would have been sure of a place in a dime museum for life. But his death called a halt. After the funeral I was waited upon by a committee, and the result was that I took a night train out of town and never stopped for 200 miles. I took with me \$250 in cash and the best wishes of a thriving community, and I suppose those suits have been dropped from the docket ere this. As I said, I am no kicker, but it's well to let people know that even a tramp has rights in law."

"And did you use your money to make a new start in life?" was asked as the story seemed to be ended.

"In a way I did," smiled the C. O. D. man, "but it only brought me fresh trouble. I struck a town I rather fancied, and I bought me some clothes, engaged a front room at the inn and settled down to take a few baths at the mineral springs for my rheumatism. I hadn't put in over three days when the story got around that I was a multi-millionaire taking a quiet lay off, and individuals and committees began to call. The subscriptions I was asked to put down for churches, mill dams, railroads, schoolhouses, asylums and so on footed up tens of thousands. I could have stood these off, but the band came to serenade me every night, social parties were given in my honor, and a widow with a good deal of push to her recognized me as her long looked for affinity at first sight. She was a firm believer in the theory that matches are made in heaven, and she figured it out to a dot that the angels had killed off her husband and brought me around through the swamps and underbrush that I might take his place. I never was any good at arguing against a widow, and so I solved the matter by taking a skip. It was a mysterious disappearance on my part, and I heard afterward that they dragged the river and hunted through the swamps for my body and that the widow put on rubber boots and was foremost in the search.
 "I had a few dollars of the money left, and I was not happy. Raw tur-

rips don't taste good to a man who is financially able to buy roast beef and fried chicken, and it didn't seem to be quite the fair thing by other dilapidated gentlemen. While in this state of mind I struck a village which had six mudholes on its half mile of main street. There were wagons stuck in three of these holes as I jogged into town, and the others were occupied by stray hogs. I asked for the president of the village, who was a grocer, and when I reached his store I asked:
 "How long have you lived in this town?"
 "Forty-five years," he replied.
 "How old are those six mudholes out there?"
 "Well, I used to paddle around in 'em forty years ago."

"And hasn't the town ever made any move to fill 'em up?"
 "It never has. No, them six mudholes have grown up with us and shared our joys and our sorrows, and I suppose they will continue on for another half century."

"But they must be a big nuisance," says I.

"They surely are."

"How much would it cost to fill them up with gravel?"

"Just exactly \$14. I've figured it out a thousand times."

"And won't the town vote the money?"

"Never in this world."

"Would it object to my doing it?"

"I don't think so; but what's your object?"

"Just to get rid of them. Here's the money, and I'm going to hang around and see the work done."

"Well, it was done," said the C. O. D. man, "but I got into trouble over it. When those holes had been filled up there was no longer any place for the stray hogs to wallow in, and that made all the hog owners mad. There was no longer any excitement over teams getting stuck, and that hurt the feelings of others. A third party couldn't understand why a tramp should take it upon himself to do such a piece of work, and it was finally decided that I was either a lunatic or a suspicious character. They run me into the engine house, and two doctors and a committee of citizens took me in hand. The doctors probed for evidences of lunacy, and when they had finished they differed in their reports. One of them reported:

"He talks as sane as any man I ever heard, and it may simply be a case of hereditary aversion to mudholes."

"The report of the other was:

"I don't like his talk. He uses more or less Latin, and when asked what lunatic asylum he escaped from a cunning expression came to his eyes. He may not be dangerous, but it would be as well to keep an eye on him."

"The committee of townsmen fired questions at me for three straight hours," said the dilapidated, "and it ended by their solemnly shaking their heads and declaring that a tramp who had \$14 to pay for filling up six mudholes in a strange town must be planning the murder of at least a dozen citizens. I was shoved into the lockup over night, and next morning a constable led me forth by the arm and saw me a mile or so on my way toward the next town. As we walked up the street I saw that all the gravel had been thrown out of those mudholes during the night and that the glad hogs had returned to their wallows. There are some things in this world you can't beat, and one of 'em is a pastoral village with hogs and mudholes picturesquely scattered about."

M. QUAD.

Not After the Military Fashion.



"The sentry was relieved of his watch."—Chicago Tribune.

Analysis.

She.—After all, what is the difference between illusion and delusion?

He.—Illusion is the lovely fancies we have about ourselves; delusion is the foolish fancies other people have about themselves.—Life.

Don't brood over the past nor dream of the future, but seize the instant and get your lesson from the hour.

Kind to Kids.

"He's a kind hearted automobilist, isn't he?"

"Exceptionally so. I never knew him to run over even a child unless he was in a hurry."

MAJOR CROFOOT, G. P.

DUNNED FOR \$4, HE OFFERS THE COLLECTOR A POSITION.

The Major Unfortunately Forgets His Checkbook—The Excuse Does Not Go, However, and the Bill Is Collected by Force.

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MAJOR CROFOOT, grand promoter and general originator, had reached his office and hunted up a cigar stub left over from the day before and just settled down to enjoy it when his door was banged open and a stranger entered. The stranger was a man of liberal build and aggressive look, and he sat down on a chair without invitation, took a paper from his pocket and bluntly remarked:

"Here's a bill of \$4 against you for laundry work, and I want the cash p. d. q."

The major was taken by surprise, and for a minute the room whirled round with him, but only for a minute. Then he rallied, worked up a beautiful smile and arose, with outstretched hand, to exclaim:

"What a coincidence! What a coincidence! Upon my word, but it is one of three or four trifles that had slipped my mind, and I am glad you came in. Have a cigar?"

"I will," replied the collector.

The major felt in his pockets and looked around on the floor at his feet, but found no cigar to offer. This fact didn't put him out, however, and he rubbed his hands and smilingly continued:

"Yes; I'm glad you called, because I want to send word to the estimable woman who runs the laundry that I had carelessly forgotten the little account and am sorry if she has been put to any worry. I wonder where my checkbook is?"

"You haven't got any?" replied the collector in tones so blunt that another man's feelings might have been hurt.

"I may possibly have left it home. If so, I shall have to ask you to wait un-



"SHELL OUT OR TAKE A LICKING."

til I can fetch it. Yes; I think I did leave it. It was my night for giving my landlady a check, you know."

"You are lying to me!"

"My dear man, I trust that I misunderstand your words—I trust I do. This is, as I understand it, a meeting between gentlemen. You have called to collect a trifling account. I stand ready to pay the same. I see no need of acrimony."

"Oh, there is no acrimony," replied the man. "You've simply got to pay this bill before I leave here. I know you for a smooth tongued blik, and none of your soft speeches will go down. When you are ready to haul out the cash, hand it over."

The major had put on his hat to leave the office. He removed it, sat down, and, working up the same old bland smile, he leaned forward and said:

"Another curious coincidence. I was just wondering where I could find a man like you. Let me tell you something on the quiet. My latest thing in corners—and I have made fifteen of them in the last two years—is to gobble up the entire horseradish crop of the year. This includes Europe as well as America. Yes, sir, I've got the thing dead to rights, and about a month from now there'll be the greatest hullabaloo you ever heard of. Horseradish is used for thirteen different purposes, as you may have heard, and nothing can take the place of it. The world has got to have horseradish or go out of business. You can buy a pound of it now for 20 cents, but as soon as the squeeze takes place the price jumps to 60 and stays right there. That's a clear profit of 45 cents on every pound, and the number of pounds used annually is 33,000,000. Just do a little figuring, will you?"

"I'm figuring," grimly replied the man.

"It will be a trust, of course," resumed the major, "the most soulless sort of a trust, and we may expect a howl from the public. We shall not be swayed by howls, however. Sixty cents a pound or no horseradish. We want an aggressive, determined man

for manager, one who will face criticism and stand to his guns. You are the man for us, and you may consider yourself engaged from this morning. Your duties will not be onerous, and as to salary—

"I couldn't take it."

"And as to salary, we will say \$25,000 per year to begin on. If you develop the qualities expected, the sum shall be doubled the second year. Can you take the position at once, or do you want a week to settle your outside matters? In either case here is my hand, and permit me to offer you my heartiest congratulations. It always makes me happy to throw a good thing in a friend's way. If the salary isn't up to your expectations—

"Oh, the salary is all right," smiled the collector, "but you are a day or two too late. I closed with an offer yesterday."

"You don't say? But you can throw it over, however—you will throw it over?"

"I couldn't do it. I am engaged as the manager of the Old Bilk Collection agency, and I must stick to it for a year. It's to collect debts from men like you, you know. In addition to the salary, there's a good deal of fun to be got out of it. About that \$4, major?"

"How would it be if we threw you in \$50,000 worth of stock as a present? Your dividends won't be less than 40 per cent. Man, don't miss a good thing when you have it right under your thumb."

"I don't propose to. I shall get 20 per cent for collecting this bill of you."

"Ha!" exclaimed the major as he got up and walked about. "I see how it is with you. I have not offered you salary enough. I don't know what the board of directors will think about it; but, knowing you as well as I do, I shall assume the responsibility of making it \$50,000 for the first year, and I believe you will be cheap at that. While we have coopered the horseradish crops and got the bulge over red peppers, the corner must be rightly handled to make a success. I won't even ask you to lend me the \$2 necessary to complete the articles of incorporation. My friend, accept my hand and my congratulations. I'll take you right over to the bank and introduce you."

"Not just yet," replied the man as he rose up and pulled off his coat and removed his cuffs.

"Are you too warm?" solicitously inquired the major, though a look of anxiety rested on his face at the same time.

"Not at all. I am simply getting ready to lick that \$4 out of you. If you don't shell out within five minutes, I shall turn loose on you."

"My dear man, I fail to understand you. You call here to collect a trifling account. I acknowledge the correctness of it; but, unfortunately having left my checkbook at the house—

"Will you pay?"

"I will of course hasten to my domicile and get the book and draw you a check, but really I must protest against—

"You won't hasten anywhere. Shell out or take a licking."

"My dear sir, I—

"Shell out."

The major shelled. It took him five long minutes to go through his pockets and find \$4, and he was left with only 9 cents to face the cold world. The collector signed the bill, put on his coat and cuffs and walked out, with only a wink and a nod. When he had departed, the major sat down and reviewed the case from beginning to end and counted and recounted the 9 cents, and it was with a deep drawn groan that he leaned back at last and whispered to himself:

"That's the first bill I've had to pay in two years, and I don't understand how I came to pay that. I must be losing my check."

M. QUAD.

Capitalists.

"You are constantly putting some capital in the wrong place," said Mr. Cumpro's daughter as she read over one of his letters.

"Well," was the contented reply, "it's lucky I do that in my writing instead of my business; otherwise, my dear, you mightn't be in a position to criticize."—Washington Star.

No Wonder.

"What started the fuss at the milkmen's hall?"

"Some blamed fool asked one of the men if he had brought his pumps along."—Chicago Tribune.

Where Things Are Made.

A clergyman in the neighborhood of Nottingham was confiding a tailor in his parish on repairs which he had done for him. In the course of conversation, he, however, inquisitively observed: "When I want a good coat, I go to London. They make them there." Before leaving the shop he inquired: "By the bye, do you attend my church?"

"No," was the reply, "when I want to hear a good sermon, I go to London. They make them there."—London "Morning Post."

Cool.

Briggs—It isn't the man who cuts off the most coupons who cuts the most ice.

Griggs—He doesn't have to. His cool thousands answer well enough for him.—Boston Transcript.

Vehicle of the Future.

"I hear that Gazzam is thinking of buying a horseless carriage," said Manhattan.

"Indeed?" queried the Brooklynite. "And what have they named the baby?"—Judge.

Only One More.

"Daddy found a snake in his slipper."

"All right. Let him tumble it in his boots, 'long with the rest of 'em!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Look Out.

There's a noisy dragon coming, so, my dearie, have a care! The fate of other boys and girls it may be yours to share.

A goggled eyed fanatic, with a thirst for blood and power, is raging down the highway, seeking whom he may devour. So lose no time, my dearie, for beyond all shade of doubt

The auto man will get you if you don't

watch

out!

No tyrant ever sat a throne so witless or so cruel.

Oh, woe to little boys and girls who sniff too close his fuel!

No shame sits on that brazen brow, no law shall say him nay!

His pleasure is the only god that moves him, night or day.

So lose no time, my dearie, and take heed the warning shout;

The auto man will get you if you don't

watch

out!

—Life.

Suggestive.



Jones—Why are you so mad with the doctor?

Mrs. Jones—When I told him I had a terribly tired feeling, he told me to show him my tongue.—New York Journal.

Country.

It 'pears to me that Providence with airth is out o' tune; It freezes us in winter an' burns us up in June.

Yit wouldn't swap this country fer the icebergs o' the moon. So we'll still shout halleluia in the mornin'!

Thar's allus somethin' bitter in the sweetest o' the springs. An' politics is jarrin' when a bird in blossoms sings.

But I wouldn't swap my politics fer Saturn an' his rings. So we'll all shout halleluia in the mornin'!

—Atlanta Constitution.

His Mistake.



"Hully gee, but I'm a beaut! Here I've gone an' played hooky from Sunday school, an' this is the day that the tickets for the candy festival is to be given out!"—New York World.

Cereals with eggs or vegetable oil furnish all the food elements necessary to sustain a man in health, no matter how laborious his occupation.

To Be Expected.

"She says she's going to do Europe this summer."

"Well," replied the landlord regretfully, "if she gets over there I guess she will. She did me, and I understand she did the grocer, and I wouldn't care to bet that she won't do the steamship company in some way on the trip over."

A GIRL OF GRIT.

By MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

Copyright by R. F. Fenno & Co.

"He didn't much like the talk of the police. I could see that. They might want to know more about him than he chose to tell. That settled him, I think, for he dragged me up to the carriage door, opened it and shoved me in. I saw the lady, the same dona, was there and by her side a big bundle of something, a figure of a man it might 'a' been, all wrapped up in rugs and blankets and things. Might 'a' been a dead un. Then the feller began talking foreign again to the dona, and she answered back the same, and there was a great shindy.

"It was all about me. I guessed that. And the end was that the feller hoisted me on to the front seat and said to me mighty sharp:

"You stick there. Don't move. If you try to get out, I shall see you from the box, and you won't get far even if you don't break your neck leaving the carriage. Watch him, Susette. She's responsible for you, my lad, and she knows what I'll do to her if you play any tricks."

"With that he left us, and we rolled on.

"Who sent you?" asked the dona directly he'd gone. "Do you come from his friends?" She nudged the bundle alongside. "Do you know Captain Wood?"

"Ha, you see!" interposed the American. "You bet that was our man hid up among those rugs."

The others were compelled now to admit the fact, and they did so ungrudgingly. As for me, my heart was beating fast, for I felt that at last I had come upon the track of my love.

"What did you tell her? Go on, my good boy," I said breathlessly.

"You see, miss, I'd never heard tell of no captain, but I wouldn't let on," Joe continued. "The boss 'ere had only told me to watch, saying it was a cross job, but he mentioned no names. So I ups and asks, 'Is that Mr. Wood?' and I could 'a' sworn that the bundle moved, and there was struggling like inside."

"Gagged, of course," put in the American.

Joe went on. "Anyway, I am his friend," she says. "I don't mean he shall come to harm. And I want him"—the bundle moved again—"him and others to know that, and I'd like you to tell 'em so when you get out of this mess. When'll that be? I asks, a little bit on the bump, you know. 'Now, if you're game to hop out, I'm not a-going to stop you,' and she was for turning of the handle then and there.

"But I considered a bit, and the thought came in my head that now I'd got 'ere I had ought to stick 'ere. There was the gentleman opposite me—as I judged—and if I was to do any service to him 'twasn't by cutting away. I'd got to see the thing right through—where they took him, what they did to him, who and what they were."

"You're a brave lad," I said, stretching out and shaking hands with him, and indeed I should have liked to hug him, dusty and dirty as he was.

"Thank you kindly, miss," he answered shyly, and went on. "The only way out of it was to say I was afraid to jump. The cove on the box was a-watching me, I says, and a lot more. Then the carriage settled it by turning into some yard, a private place it looked like, but they gave me no time to spy, for the feller from the box came down directly we stopped and had me out in a jiffy.

"'Ere,' he says, 'we've got first to do with you. Lay hold on him.' Then two other chaps grabs me by the arms and rushes me head down, jam, ram, straight into a dark hole that smelled of moldy straw and garbage—some sort of cellar—where they looked a door on me, and I was laid up in limbo like a rat in a trap.

"It took me half an hour or so to shake myself together. First thing that gave me heart was a streak of daylight up atop of the calaboose, and when I struck a match I found it came through an old iron grating, which I soon overhauled. 'Twasn't set so tight that I couldn't soon loosen a brick, although I tore my hands a bit before I got the thing right out. Then I'd a job to lift myself up by my arms, but I'm strong in the arms, and by and by I scrambled through that grating—that's what tore my clothes—and out on to the yard above. It was the one as we'd druv into—a stable yard at the back of a tall house all shut up, windows shuttered, blinds down. No one at home, you'd say. The stables was empty—no horses, helpers, no traps. I couldn't find that the stables joined on to the house neither, but I judged it was better not to hang about too long or they'd be copping me again. So I makes for the yard doors. They was only barred on the inside, and I got out right enough into the back lane. That's about all. I come on then straight to you, sir, to make my report."

"You were in a monstrous hurry," said Colonel Bannister. "Why didn't you mark down the house, the neighborhood, the exact spot?"

Mr. Snuyzer took his part. "Joe

knows his business; yes, sir, as well as the best professionals. Tell us, Joe."

"The stables was in Featherstone mews, No. 7. To make sure I chalked something on the doors. The stables was at the back of Featherstone Gardens and belonged, I should say, to No. 7."

In a few minutes more we had started in cabs—I in a hansom with Sir Charles—straight for Featherstone Gardens. Roy came with us. We were the first to arrive, but the others had gone round, escorted by Joe, to the back of the house so as to verify the mews and the situation exactly. When they joined us at the entrance of the gardens, Colonel Bannister, who now took the lead, dismissed the cabs and said in his brief, ordering sort of way:

"We can't all go up to the house. It might create a scandal. The whole thing may be a mistake. I'll take this lad first. He may perhaps identify somebody, and then we shall be entitled to act."

"And me, please," I added. "Oh, yes, indeed, Colonel Bannister, I shall go too."

He shrugged his shoulders, and we three, with Roy close at my heels, soon stood on the doorstep of No. 7. The house was all shut up, the chain was on the door, and we waited a long time while some one inside fumbled with it and several bolts.

"Well, what is it?" asked an old man who at last opened the door, but held it ajar. He was of very respectable appearance, with white hair under a black skullcap, and wore a decent blue and white striped jacket, the type of an old servant in a good family. "May I inquire?"

"We wish to see your master," said the colonel promptly.

"I am afraid that is impossible, sir," replied the man civilly. "The family have gone out of town. The duke left yesterday for Spain."

"The duke?"

"The Duke of Tierra Sagrada. He is my master, sir. If you will leave your card I will see that it is sent on to him, or any letter. I have his address."

"In Spain?"

"Certainly, sir. Casa Huerta Hermosa, St. Sebastian. They have gone to the seaside. No, please"—this was to me, for I was quietly trying to get Roy past him into the house—"that dog mustn't come in. My orders are strict against dogs."

"Call him back, Miss Fairholme, at once," said the colonel in a tone which I resented, but he cut me quite short. "This farce has gone far enough. I wash my hands of it. Good night!"—this to the old manservant as we walked away. "And if you will be guided by me, Miss Fairholme, you will do the same. It's all humbug from first to last. I give you my word. I do not believe one syllable of this story, except perhaps about the papers, and even then I am not quite satisfied, for they were sent to Captain Wood in the dispatch box. That we know."

"But not at Captain Wood's request," I said hurriedly.

"His man thinks not, and I admit the box was not specifically mentioned in the letter, but the letter said papers, and the expression was seemingly one that Wood used, for the man, as a matter of course, sent the dispatch box."

"But what do you imply?"

"Just this, that Captain Wood intended to keep out of the way—for reasons I do not presume to conjecture—and while out of the way to go on with his work. He'll turn up in good time, take my word for it, and will give his own explanation of his absence. It may not be absolutely satisfactory, his excuse may be bad, but he will make one, and you will have to take it or leave it," were the cynical police colonel's last words.

I hated and loathed him for taking this view, and I turned my back on him. Sir Charles did not console me, for he was thinking more about the official papers than Willie's disappearance.

"By the Lord Harry, we shall be in Queer street if they don't turn up," he said with much emphasis. "Wood or no Wood, we've got to get them, or there will be a jolly row; a cabinet question, egad, and the devil's own complications. The matter can't rest here. So cheer up, Miss Frida. We'll all do our level best."

"Why, certainly," added Snuyzer, "we don't depend entirely on police colonels, and this one is not so almighty clever. I've got to get on the inside track of this business, and I'll do it yet, you bet your bottom dollar."

It was kind of them, but I would not be consoled. When I got to Hill street, I crept up to my room, very sorrowful and sick at heart, and cried myself to sleep.

Next morning while I was dressing they came and told me that Mr. Snuyzer had called. He had something important to tell me, and was rather in a hurry.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Facts Coming Out.

"But," said a citizen of Kilkenny, when the original proposition was made to fasten the two cuts together by the tails and hang them over a clothesline, "how long will it take them to kill each other?"

"That," replied the purveyor of the entertainment, shrugging his shoulders, "is only a question of the 'em."

OLD LUNNON.

Some Figures Show Tremendous Growth in Suburban Districts—Female Population Increasing at a Disproportionate Rate.

Some notable figures are presented regarding the huge metropolis, London, in the official census report, which has just been issued. The census was completed on March 31, 1901, and shows that during the century then completed the population of London had increased 3,500,000, and now stands at 4,536,341. In the last ten years the increase was 308,221, but as the births over deaths in that period numbered 491,000, the indications are that the migration from the city in the meantime exceeded 180,000.

For the year ended March 31, the city of London shows a decline of 67,000, but greater London expanded at an enormous rate, the increase being 947,000, of which number the outlying districts furnished 639,000. Of the country boroughs, Wandsworth shows the largest growth, having now 180,000 inhabitants. In 1891 there were only two boroughs with a population of 100,000; now there are nine.

When the census was taken there were ten centenarians in the city, but two have died since then. The oldest of those living is Mrs. Eliza Murtough of Mayall road, Brixton, whose age is 105 years. She has a daughter aged 84.

One notable fact disclosed in the figures is that the female population increases much more rapidly than the male. At the present time there are 250,000 more women than men in London, and of these women 1,403,842 are spinsters, waiting to be asked in marriage, while there are 197,517 lonely widows, 73 of whom are under 21 years of age, who might be induced to take new life partners. As against these unmarried women there are 1,202,594 bachelors, but why they fail to remain single is another question.

Taking the figures from another point of view, it is shown that there are 135,000 foreigners in London, of whom, strange to say, 85,000 are Russians, but it is not improbable that some of them left their country for their country's good. There are 5,000 ministers of the gospel of various denominations and a similar number of physicians, while the city boasts of 6,000 barristers and solicitors, with 9,570 clerks to attend to them.

The school-teachers number 28,000, of whom 8,000 are women, while the journalists and "others connected with literature" number 4,000. The drama contributes 2,234 actors and 2,900 actresses, including, of course, both those who are and those who think they are.

Additional notable figures refer to the barmaids, who are entered on the returns as "barmen." The wants of thirsty London are attended to by 7,600 of these barmaids, and of these 421 are returned as married—that is to say, there are 17 eligible out of every 18. Of the remaining population of London 10,000 are commercial travelers, or "drummers," as they are called in the States; 7,000 are engine drivers or train guards, with the same number of busmen, while 3,700 others are train drivers and conductors.

On Chatter's Animals.

In a long review of Paul Du Chaillet's "The World of the Great Forest," The Spectator, London, declares the book's only fault is the failure to supply all the details the reader wants to know about its furred and feathered heroes and heroines.

"Do the hippopotami of the West Coast river really go across country for a swim in the Atlantic on moonlight nights?" asks The Spectator. "Where is the 'land of plenty' to which the monkeys migrate? What are the fish which regularly travel up the rivers from the sea in the dry season to spawn? Where is the place where the forest eagles cross that great continent to rear their young? These questions are among many suggested by the book.

The description of the bathing of the 'hippo' trippers, from their cautious entry into the sea to their return at 4 a.m., when each family went back to its shore, hardly bears quoting, but the idea is novel and amusing. The illustrations of the life of these creatures and of their seaside party by Mr. Gleeson are really admirable.

The native names of most animals are short. An exception is that of the great forest eagle, the monkey-eater. It is one of the crested hawk-eagles, of which the native name is 'guaninien.' The difficulties of these birds' life when monkeys are scarce; their power of soaring to such vast heights as to be invisible to the monkeys, and of dropping down from the blue, whence their keen eyes see the monkeys on the tree-tops, of their hovering over the tops of certain trees on which fruit grows which the monkeys will probably come to gather—are all fresh and vivid.

Has Been.

An Englishman went into a restaurant in a New England town and was served for his first course with a delicacy unknown to him, so he asked the waiter what it was, and the waiter replied:

"It's bean soup, sir," whereupon the Englishman in high indignation responded:

"I don't care what it's been; I want to know what it is!"

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Knight, the Winnipeg bicycle thief, has been sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Expeller; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

July customs revenue in the Dominion increased \$329,000 this year over 1901.

C. P. R. land sales for July were three times as great as those a year ago.

HOT WEATHER AILMENTS.

Careful Mothers Should Keep at Hand the Means to Check Ailments

That Otherwise May Prove Fatal. When the weather is hot the sands of the little life are apt to glide away before you know it. You can't watch the little one too carefully at this period. Dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera infantum and disorders of the stomach are alarmingly frequent during the hot moist weather of the summer months. At the first sign of any of these, or any of the other ailments that afflict little ones, give Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets will speedily relieve and promptly cure all hot weather ailments. Keep them in the house—their prompt use may save a precious little life. Mrs. Herbert Burnham, Smith's Falls, Ont., says: "When my eldest child was six weeks old he had an attack of cholera infantum and was at death's door. My doctor advised me to use Baby's Own Tablets, and in twenty-four hours baby was better, the vomiting and purging ceased and he regained strength rapidly. I have used the Tablets for other ailments since and always with the happiest results. I can sincerely recommend them to mothers as a medicine that should always be kept in the house."

Little ones thrive, are good natured and grow plump and rosy in homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used. Children take them as readily as candy, and crushed to a powder they can be given to the youngest infant with the best of results. Sold at drug stores or you can get them post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

The United States post office department is doing effective work in various parts of the country in breaking up fraudulent "endless chain" schemes carried on through the mails.

Winnipeg bank clearings for July increased \$6,000,000.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

The Scepter.

The scepter was the emblem of power. As the silver wand, so familiar in cathedrals, was once hollow, containing the "virge" or rod with which chastisement was inflicted upon the choristers and younger members of the foundation, so the royal scepter represented the right to inflict punishment. Hence the expression "to sway the scepter" implied the holding of regal dignity. The scepter with the dove possessed the additional significance of the Holy Ghost, as controlling the actions of the sovereign. The same idea was conveyed at Reims by the beautiful ceremony of letting loose a number of doves at the coronation of the French kings.—Good Words.

Encouraging.

Mistress of House—Bridget, do you think that policeman who calls here so often means business?

Bridget—Yis, mum, I think he do. He's begun to complain about my cookin' already.

California in Summer

\$50 from Minneapolis

or St. Paul

\$47.50 from St. Louis

\$45.00 from Kansas City

Out and back

August 2 to 8

Quick and cool way to go

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Those desiring information in regard to any part of the world reached by the C. P. R. or its connections are requested to apply to any C. P. R. representative or to

C. E. McPHERSON

Gen. Pass. Agt., Winnipeg

The good may die young, but it is clear that the bad live forever—if tombstone epitaphs tell the truth.

It is as difficult for some young men to slow down rapidly as it is for others to make haste slowly.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

Indian Prayer Sticks.

Those acquainted with Indian customs know of the prominence that feathers hold in the religious and social ceremonies of the red men. Particularly among the Navajoes and Pueblos are these plume emblems believed to have the utmost efficacy for good or bad.

All about any Pueblo town may be seen carefully whittled sticks, each with a tuft of downy feathers, generally white ones, bound at the top of it. They are prayer sticks and are quite as curious as the prayer wheels of Burma and the paper prayers of the Chinese. The feathers, stick and manner of tying the feathers vary according to the nature of the prayer. The Indian who wishes to ask a favor of the "Trues" prepares his feather prayer with great secrecy. Then, taking it to a proper spot, he prays to those above, and, planting his stick, leaves it to continue his petition.

THE HERALD

PONOKA, ALBERTA.

The Bell telephone system in Montreal is handicapped by an epidemic of matrimony among the girls in the employ of the company. In one office the company have found it necessary to replace sixty operators within the last few months, and in the majority of cases matrimony is given as the cause.

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for \$30.00, cured him with \$1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT, and sold him in four months for \$85.00. Profit on Liniment, \$54.00.

MOISE DEROSCE,
Hotel Keeper,
St. Phillip's Que., Nov. 1st, 1901.

The longer a man lives the more lost opportunities he has to regret.

Some men are pleasant enough to talk to, but rather disagreeable to listen to.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

The man who takes up a lot of your valuable time is seldom able to take a hint.

It is the vaulting ambition of an acrobat that enables him to achieve success.

A big woman can go through a small man's pockets without any sleight of hand business.

STREET CAR ACCIDENT—Mr. Thos. Sahin says: "My eleven year old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the street railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

Good sense—never the product of a single mind—it is the fruit of intercourse and collision.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can get someone else to do today.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

When a woman throws herself at a man's head she seldom hits the mark.

WHY HE CONSENTED.

The Farmer's Reasons Were Certainly to His Advantage.

"We were running a trolley car line along a New Hampshire highway last summer," said the electrical engineer, "and while we had the right of way we tried to be easy with the farmers whose gates we passed. We finally struck one old fellow, a widower, who swore he'd shoot the first man who put pick and shovel into the ground. I used all the usual arguments, but without effect, and finally I said: 'Perhaps you know the Widow Lamphre, living two miles below here?'"

"I do," says he.

"Very nice woman."

"She is."

"Wouldn't object to marrying again, I hear."

"That's what I've heard too."

"I don't see why she and you shouldn't make a match," I continued.

"Want I've sometimes thought it might come around," he replied, with a smile.

"I see only one drawback. There are two or three others after her, and some of them may get ahead of you."

"Um! I never heard of that."

"That is the case. Suppose you are working in the field some day and all of a sudden you make up your mind to ask the widow to be yours."

"Mebbe I shall do that very thing."

"Well, it will take you an hour to walk down there after you've got on a clean shirt and greased your boots. What may not happen in that hour? Suppose some other man is ten minutes ahead of you. Suppose, owing to this electric road, which runs right by the widow's door, you were landed there ahead of all others by half an hour. The widow is yours, her farm is yours, and you are made happy for life. Otherwise—"

"There's no otherwise about it," he chirped in. "You jest go ahead with your old railroad, and the quicker you finish it the quicker I'll step aboard and buzz down to the widder's and have this business all settled. I don't know much about electricity, but if it's gold' to bring me a wife and a farm let her come by the barrel!"

M. QUAD.

MARKET REVIEW.

(Compiled from The Commercial)

GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

The local market has been quiet but firm all week, with a very small business doing. In the fore part of the week the feeling was somewhat stronger. While buyers were scarce holders were not disposed to reduce prices in order to sell, and on Wednesday No. 1 hard was worth 76½c, 1 northern 75c and 2 northern 72½c spot or July delivery, in store Fort William. With the easier markets outside the feeling here is easier too, and at the end of the week prices were practically the same as they were a week ago, viz., 1 hard 76½c, 1 northern 74½c, and 2 northern 72½c in store Fort William spot, July or first half August delivery.

FLOUR—Demand is light and the market is unchanged as follows: Ogilvie's Hungarian, \$2.05 per sack of 98 lbs.; Glenora Patent, \$1.90; Alberta, \$1.75; Manitoba, \$1.60; XXXX, \$1.25.

MILLFEED—Bran is firm and worth \$15 per ton in bulk. Shorts firm at \$17 per ton in bulk, delivered, subject to usual trade discounts.

GROUND FEED—We quote: Oat chop, per ton, \$28; barley chop, \$24; mixed barley and oats, \$26; chop screenings, \$15.50; oil cake, \$30.

OATS—The market for oats is unsettled. Business is quiet and mostly confined to local account. We quote: No. 2 white, 40½c per bushel, for carlots on track here; feed grades, 37 to 38c. At country points farmers are getting 31c to 31½c for No. 2 white oats. Street oats are not offering.

BARLEY—All offerings are now being taken for feed at 40c per bushel. The movement is very light.

SPELTZ—Dealers are doing a little business in speltz for feeding purposes at 50c per bushel of 50lbs.

HAY—Demand is fair and the market steady at \$7 to \$8 per ton for carlots on track here for fresh baled.

ROLLED OATS—Milling companies report their prices unchanged as follows: 80lb. sacks, \$2.20; 40lb. sacks are worth \$2.25; 20s, \$2.30; and 8s, \$2.60 with cover. Twolb. packages, \$3.60 without case. Granulated and standard oatmeal is unchanged at \$2.75 per 98lb. sack.

POULTRY—The market is quiet. Live chickens bring 70 to 75c per pair, and turkeys are worth 11c per pound, live weight.

BUTTER—Creamery—Receipts are fairly large and prices hold steady at 16½c to 17c per pound for choice creamery. f.o.b., factory.

BUTTER—Dairy—Dealers are offering as high as 13c per pound, commission basis, for choice table butter in boxes or tubs, and from that figure the market ranges down to 10c for low grades.

CHEESE—The market is steady and purchases have been made at 8½c per pound. The range of prices is from 8½c to 9c per pound delivered here.

EGGS—Receipts are moderate, and the market holds at 13c per dozen for choice case eggs delivered in Winnipeg.

DRESSED MEATS—Receipts are improving, and the market is easy. We quote: Beef, city dressed, 7½ to 8½c per lb.; veal, 8 to 9c; mutton, 9c; spring lambs, each, \$3.50 to \$4; hogs, per pound, 7½ to 8½c.

HIDES—No. 1 city hides, 6½c; No. 2 5½c; No. 3, 4½c. Kips and calf the same price as hides; deakins, 25 to 40c; slunks, 10 to 15c; horsehides 50c to \$1.

WOOL—Prices range from 6 to 6½c per pound.

SENECA ROOT—The top price is now 40c per pound for good clean root.

LIVE STOCK.

CATTLE—The range cattle are now in condition, and shipping for export is commencing. There is a good demand for export cattle, and prices are high, consequently we may expect to see an active movement from now on. There is also a good demand from local butchers for beef cattle. Choice export cattle are worth 4½c per pound off cars at Winnipeg, and butchers' grades from 3½ to 4½c.

SHEEP—Receipts are more liberal, and prices range from 4 to 4½c per pound, off cars, here. Lambs are worth 3½ to 4c.

HOGS—Live hogs are coming in freely, and the market is easy at 6½c per pound for best packing weights, off cars, here.

MILCH COWS—Cows are scarce. Good milkers readily bring \$45 in this market, the range being from \$35 to \$45 each.

HORSES—There is a steady demand for general purpose horses, and as these are scarce, prices are high.

The elevator capacity of Western Canada is 4,000,000 bushels greater than last year.

The C. N. R. have decided to increase the capacity of their tank system of elevators at Port Arthur, from 1,600,000 to 2,000,000 bushels.

Oil has been discovered in Jamaica and the property is being developed by Canadian capital.

PLASTERS FAILED.

LINIMENTS, OILS AND MANY OTHER MEDICINES DID NO GOOD.

A New Brunswick Postmaster Tells of His Efforts to Cure His Kidney to Cure His Kidney Trouble—He Suffered for Years and Tried Many Medicines, but Only Recently Found the Right One.

Lower Windsor, N.B., Aug. 4. (Special.)—Mr. T. H. Belyea, postmaster of this place, has made a very interesting statement of his experience in his efforts to be cured of Kidney Trouble which has bothered him for many years.

At times he would have very bad spells, and when these came on he was almost laid up.

He tried several doctors and used many medicines, but nothing seemed to help him in the least.

Plasters, oils, liniments on the outside and doses of all kinds and descriptions taken internally seem to have but one result. He was no better.

Finally through reading an advertisement he was led to the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He says:

"Dodd's Kidney Pills were so highly recommended for Kidney Trouble that after reading some testimonials, I concluded to try them according to directions."

"I had tried so many things that I was very skeptical and had but little faith that Dodd's Kidney Pills would help me. However, I did not use them long before I found that they were all and more than was claimed for them."

"I have received more benefit from them than from any other medicine I have ever used for they seem to have made a complete cure of my case."

"I feel as well as ever I did and have not the slightest trace of the Kidney Trouble that bothered me ever so much."

"I want to say that I believe that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the right medicine for Kidney Trouble."

Mr. Belyea is very well known to everybody in this neighborhood and there are but few who have not been aware of his serious illness.

Everyone is delighted at his improved health and his published statement has done much to make Dodd's Kidney Pills even more popular in this neighborhood than they have been.

TO PREVENT MISTAKES.

Employer (to new office boy) — "George, if anybody should ask you, I'll be back in half an hour."

New Office Boy (running after him) "Mr. Jacobs, how soon'll you be back if nobody asks me?"

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be-dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

The cost of battleships is increasing. The Bulwark, built at Devonport will represent an outlay of £1,082,805.

A western man has shot his wife because he loved her. Some men are so demonstrative.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

The oldest inhabitant talks a good deal, but he doesn't make half so much noise as the tooth-cutting youngest inhabitants.

Every time a man runs across a lot of old clothes around the house he searches them, although he never finds anything.

Mrs. Smith—"I declare this leg of mutton has shrunk away almost to nothing." Willie Smith—"Perhaps, mamma, it came off the same sheep as my flannel did."

The number of suicides in the French army has become so large that the cause has been investigated by a leading journalist. A system of cruelty and brutality seems to have grown up, which is making life unbearable to young recruits.

During recent eruptions of Mount Vesuvius the clouds of vapor were found to be strongly charged with hydrochloric acid.

To Recognize Purity.

Adulteration has grown to such a fine art, that it is almost impossible for a woman now-a-days to detect the false from the true; but a chemical analysis will always detect adulteration. Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis, Official Analyst to the Dominion Government, after a number of analyses, reports that "Sunlight Soap is a pure and well-made soap." Try Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—next wash day, and you will see that Prof. Ellis is right. No one should know better than he.



THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO., LTD.

TRYING TO MAKE HIM STEP

in and order a bag of Ogilvie's flour for her baking the housewife is continually asking of her husband, but if he forgets she will order it herself, for the lover of good, white and delicious bread will never use any other after she experiences the satisfactory results of Ogilvie's flour. It is made from choice wheat and milled by the best process. Always ask for Ogilvie's.

BY ROYAL WARRANT
Millers to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

Americans are proverbially wide-awake - that is why they are buying Manitoba lands and Blue Ribbon Tea.

ARE YOU BUILDING?

Eddy's impervious sheathing is the best building paper made. It is very much stronger and thicker than any other (tarred or building) paper. It is impervious to wind, keeps out cold, keeps in heat, carries no smell or odor, absorbs no moisture, imparts no taste or flavor to anything to which it comes in contact. It is largely used not only for sheathing houses, but for lining cold storage buildings, refrigerators, dairies, creameries, and all places where the object is to keep an even and uniform temperature, and at the same time avoiding dampness. Write our agents—

TEES & PERSSE, WINNIPEG, AGENTS.

THE E. B. EDDY CO., Ltd., HULL

The war is over! Don't pay war prices for highly puffed cheap TEA

Buy GOLD STANDARD

—best value in the world.

WILSON'S FLY PAD

POISON

THE BEST FLY KILLER

"And was my present a surprise to your sister, Johnny?" "You bet! She said she never suspected you'd give her anything so cheap."

FAGGED OUT—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

It's well enough to begin at the bottom of the ladder once, but some men make a continuous performance of it.

Truth may be slow, but it is sure-footed.

Lots of girls get married merely to gratify their curiosity.

No artist has ever been inspired to paint a bald-headed angel.

A lazy man never gets ahead unless someone puts a head on him.

The average man is charitable toward all women except his wife.



SEE HIM SMILE!

So will you if you smoke

LUCINA

Cigars. You cannot resist when you get that sweet flavor. Try one

MANUFACTURED BY

GEO. F. BRYAN & CO., WINNIPEG

IMPERIAL MAPLE SYRUP

The quality standard from Ocean to Ocean. Your money back if not satisfactory.

ROSE & LAFLAMME, AGTS., MONTREAL.

HALCYON HOT SPRINGS, B. C.

Without question the best and most effective springs in Canada for the cure of rheumatism, kidney or liver troubles. The medicinal qualities of the water are unequalled. Splendid hotel accommodation; fine fishing and hunting. An ideal spot for the invalid.

Prince Maha Vajiravudh, son of the King of Siam, will visit America directly after the coronation of King Edward.

W. N. U. No. 388.

The lord chancellor of Ireland is the most highly paid holder of a judicial office in the British empire. His salary is £8,000 per annum.

Correspondence.

Asker.

There was a small hail storm passed over this neighborhood recently. A few of the farmers in the northern part of the town sustained a very slight damage to their crops but they will get more than an average crop nevertheless.

There was a crew of surveyors out here surveying up the old Hobema and Buffalo lake trail.

Haying is fast progressing and everybody will have some pretty fine hay to put before their stock this winter.

W. Gregory has harvested a very fine field of barley.

The Phillips Bros. are busy putting up hay these days. They have bought a new Improved Acme Stack-er. This makes the second hay stack-er in the settlement. R. Ramsey having the other.

E. Krefting has built a new house for Miss Emma Carruthers on section one.

George Asker is helping Mr. Ram-say in the hay field.

T. Wiltse is confined to the house on account of sickness. He has been poorly for a long time but lately he has got a little worse. E. Krefting is there doing his work.

WANT COLUMN.

Wanted

Ten acres breaking. Good open land. Will pay \$1 per acre. Apply to F. C. CASE.

Strayed.

From Ponoka on Monday night Sept. 1. two pigs weighing about 85 and 100 pounds. One black sow and one black and white barrow.

A. COLE

Estray.

Came to my place southeast of Ponoka about July 20th, one iron gray cayuse gelding, branded with indistinct brand on both hips. Owner please call and take same away.

JERRY DONOVAN.

School Seals.

The HERALD office is now in a position to accept orders for seals for secretaries of school districts, or others desiring official seals at popular prices. Satisfaction with every seal guaranteed.

Auction Sale

W. D. Pitcairn will conduct an auction sale on the well-known farm of Martin Wright, 2 1/2 miles north of Ponoka on

SEPTEMBER 8, 1902 at 11 o'clock a.m. The large list of property includes the following:

25 head of cattle,
3 horses,
3 dozen chickens,
1 mower and rake,
1 Barn wagon,
1 bob sleigh,
All kinds of farm implements and household goods,
45 tons good hay in stack,
42 acres good grain,
1 first class
Free lunch on grounds. Terms cash.

Are You

GOING TO

Paint?

Painting and Paperhanging is my profession and I guarantee all my work. I have located permanently in Ponoka and solicit a share of the work in my line.

My Prices are Right.

J. F. SULLIVAN

PONOKA.

MORNINGSIDE

Lumber Yard

HANDLES

Lumber

Lath,
Shingles
Building Material

Complete Stock.
Low Prices.

E. H. MATTHIAS
Morningside, Alta.

Are You Going to BUILD?

..If So Call on..

M. L. DEWAR,
Contractor and
Builder.

PONOKA - - - ALBERTA.
Plans and Estimates
Furnished.

W. D. PITCAIRN Real Estate Agt.

Has the following
Choice Properties:

FOR SALE.
480 acres south of Bobtail reserve—laid, wood and water per acre. . . \$5
160 acres with 2600 impts. 1 1/2 mi. from Morningside . . \$8
1/2 sec. 22, 42, 23, per acre . . \$7
nw 1/4 20, 42, 26, per acre . . \$7
nw 1/4 2, 42, 26, per acre . . \$5
Sec. fine land with impts. five mi. from town \$5
30 acres hay land sec. 17, 43, 26, per acre \$4

TOWN LOTS.
Corner lot Smith ave. . . \$125
Lot with good bldg. Railway street \$450

TO RENT.
Farm close to town.

W. D. PITCAIRN,
Real Estate Agent.
OFFICE: Chipman Ave.

STOCK PUMPS.

GEO HORN,

Local Agent for
The Celebrated ANDERSON
Double-Acting Force Pumps.
These pumps differ in principle and construction from any others. They are positively anti-freezing and never require priming. The only pump manufactory that has no sucker, no stuffing box or rods of any kind inside the conducting pipe.

Geo. W. Hotson...

..LACOMBE, Alta

Careful and Experienced WATCHMAKER.

Leave work with
A. REID, Ponoka.

Can do your work after others fail. A trial Convinces.

Prices right.
Work guaranteed.

Town Lots for Sale

--IN--

PONOKA

Reasonable prices. Easy terms. General managers Osler, Hammond & Nanton, Winnipeg. C. S. Lott, Calgary, Agent.

For maps, prices, etc. apply to
T. J. WEST,
C. P. R. A., Ponoka.

W. D. PITCAIRN

Notary Public,
Conveyancer,
Auctioneer.

Naturalization Papers
including Registration . . \$2.00.

CHIPMAN AVENUE.

Ponoka - - - Alberta.

THE

Alberta House

MRS. A. SHARY,
Proprietress.

The Popular Stopping
Place for Landseekers.

...Rates \$1 per Day.

Barber Shop:::

Next door
to Case's Shop.

Eight Shaves \$1.00,
Hair Cut 25c.

JAKE HUBER,
Proprietor.

Merchants Bank of Canada

Head office: MONTREAL.

Capital (paid up) - \$1,000,000.
Reserve Fund - \$2,600,000

LACOMBE BRANCH.

Interest allowed on Deposits.
A general Banking Business

R. TAYLOR, Mgr.

THE PONOKA

Saw Mill.

Now in Operation for the Season.

..CUSTOM SAWING..

Five Dollars per Thousand.

Patronize home industry by
buying your lumber at the
Ponoka Saw mill.

Be sure to bring your Permits
We cannot saw your logs without.

Loewen & Co.,
Proprietors.

Ponoka WOOD YARD.

Wood Bought and Sold
Wood delivered in the village at 90
cents per rick. Custom sawing at
reasonable prices. I am here to
stay and solicit your trade.

LEAVE ORDERS AT JONES' LIVERY.
W. G. MERKLEY.

..COLE & LINTON..

House and Sign

Painters
Decorators.

Our prices are reasonable and all our
work is guaranteed. Give us your order
to paint your building.
A. COLE or J. LINTON.
THE PONOKA PAINTERS

STARKEY & CO.

Guarantee their work
in all lines of...

General Blacksmithing.

Best Equipped Shop in the village.
Years of Experience in our Line

W. N. TRIMBLE,
PROPRIETOR

City Livery Barn

Dominion Land Guide

20 Head Well-Broken Horses for Sale.

W. N. TRIMBLE - - - PONOKA.

A Large Supply of FLOUR & SALT

Just to Hand.

Highest Market Price Paid
for GRAIN and HAY....

All kinds of FEED.

Prices as Low as the Lowest.
McGillivray &
Herrick.

R. K. ALLAN...

Cockshutt Plows & Dics.
McCormick Machinery.
Minneapolis Threshers.

A Car of 2-point Barb Wire.

GURNEY'S STOVES.

For Good Health

To preserve or restore it there is no better prescription for men, women and children than Ripan's Tablets. They are easy to take. They are made of a combination of medicines approved and used by every physician. Ripan's Tablets are widely used by all sorts of people—but to the plain, everyday folks they are a veritable friend in need. Ripan's tablets have become their standard family remedy. They are a dependable honest remedy with a long and successful record, to cure indigestion, dyspepsia, habitual and stubborn constipation, offensive breath; heartburn, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, sleeplessness, muscular rheumatism, sour stomach, bowel and liver complaints. They strengthen weak stomachs, build up run down systems, restore pure blood; good appetite and sound, natural sleep. Everybody derives constant benefit from a regular use of Ripan's Tablets. Your druggist sells them. The 5 cent package is enough for an ordinary occasion. The Family Bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

R. I. P. A. N. S.

Cheers

..For the...

CELEBRATED

PLANO

FOR SALE BY

McGILLIVRAY & SPACKMAN,

Ponoka, Alberta.